

# Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY JAN. 5, 1921.

NUMBER 11

## OIL NEWS.

[BY E. T. KEMPER.]

The New Year finds oil operations in this section going ahead uninterrupted, and present indications are good for some interesting things to happen in connection with the business here in 1921.

Mr. O. C. Fink, representing the Armstrong Drilling Machine Company, Waterloo, Iowa, is back from a trip to Burnside and Russell county, where he went for the purpose of delivering one of their modern rigs to Mr. T. A. Sheridan. The new rig is now ready for work on a location near Rowena, Russell county.

Messrs. Richardson & Goff, the well-known operators of this city, and who are in charge of the affairs in this section of the Southern Oil & Refining Company, Denver, report they have three large steel tanks of 1,000 barrels total capacity on the Buss Gilbert farm, Bakerton, and they are laying a two inch pipe line to Cumberland river. They are also negotiating with the boat people, operating on the river, to transport their products to market, and they expect to be delivering oil within the next thirty days. Six additional wells will be drilled on the Gilbert lease without delay.

It is reliably reported that a certain well-known and extensive operator from an adjoining state, and who has some valuable holdings in this territory, will arrive soon to make Columbia his headquarters, while looking after drilling operations in this section. The gentleman referred to is a man of means, and he is also a man of the highest type.

Mr. Geo. H. Palmer, president of the Palmer Oil Company, left the latter part of the week on a visit of several days to Cleveland, where he will combine business with home affairs, and he will return as soon as it is possible to complete his arrangements.

The J. E. Carnahan Oil Company now have two drilling rigs working on the Cy Campbell farm, Creelsboro, where they drilled in a fine well recently, and they are expecting to be able to report two more good wells there within the next few days.

The Day Oil Company, Lexington, in connection with the Alpha Leasing & Drilling Syndicate, Inc., Covington, Ky., are drilling on well No. 1 on the Gran Williams farm, located on the south side of Cumberland River, near Creelsboro.

Mr. Bee Whitis, Somerset, Ky., who has been general field manager in Kentucky for the J. E. Carnahan Oil Company, is now operating in this field on an independent basis. He is arranging to make this city his field headquarters, and he expects to push development work to the limit. Mr. Whitis is a strong believer in the possibilities of this section proving to be a great oil field.

## Special Notice.

All persons owing Blair & Ellis must come at once and settle by cash or note. Mr. Blair lives in town and he wants this outside business settled while he is in Adair county.

11-4t.

There was not as many social functions in Columbia during the holiday week as usual, but the young people all seemed to be spending happy days. Their bright faces and jollifications as they met in groups upon the square indicated that they were happy, and that old Santa had been especially good to them. Persons can not be young but once, and those who have grown old delight to see the young people enjoying themselves. After awhile they will be through eating their white bread, then comes the tug of war with the passing, a stayed humanity.

Herbine corrects biliousness, indigestion and constipation. It is a fine herbal medicine that drives out impurities and restores healthy conditions in the system. Price, 60c. Sold by Pauli Drug Co.

## Death of J. W. Marshall.

The intelligence of the death of Mr. J. W. Marshall, who was a prominent and influential citizen of the Glenville country, reached here last Sunday morning. The end came at Lakeland Saturday night. His reason had been dethroned for about two years, but he had been in Lakeland only about two months.

There was no better citizen in the community where he was born and reared, and all the Glenville locality were sorry to hear of his demise. He was a Master Mason; had been Master of his Lodge, and he will be buried with the honors of the Fraternity, in the Marshall graveyard, two miles above Glenville, Wednesday afternoon, his body having arrived Monday afternoon.

A large circle of friends were present to pay their respects to an honored and much respected citizen. He leaves a wife and a number of children.

## Baptist Church.

The Columbia Baptist Church is enlarging her program for 1921 by having preaching every Sunday. We are here to serve our town and community and mean to do more to reach the lost both at home and abroad. In any way we can help you we are at your service in His Name.

Leslie J. B. Smith, Pastor.

## Left Shoulder Broken.

Catherine, the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Russell, met with a very serious accident late last Sunday afternoon. She heard her father approaching the house and she ran to meet him, fell, and broke her left shoulder. Her father soon got the fracture reduced, and at this time the little patient is doing very well, but it will be a week or two before she will be able to be out. She is quite a strong little girl and much sympathy is being expressed.

## Death of Mrs. Hancock.

Mrs. Lizzie Hancock, who was the widow of "Uncle" Perry Hancock, who was quite an aged lady, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fanny Pierce, Cane Valley, last Tuesday night. The interment was in the Hancock burying ground, a few miles north of Columbia. The deceased was a granddaughter of the first sheriff of Adair county, Benjamin Bowmar. She was a fine woman and will be greatly missed.

## Printing Office Burned.

Last Wednesday morning between 2 and 3 o'clock, the office of the Taylor County Herald, which was owned and the paper edited by Mr. Geo. W. Hancock was consumed by fire at Campbellsville. It is reported here that the origin of the conflagration was a gas stove. The loss was considerable, as much of the material was new. We tender our sympathy to Mr. Hancock in his loss, and if we can assist him in any way we will willingly do so. The office was in a block and it is remarkable that other buildings were not consumed.

**Mills and Light Plant for Sale.**  
The Mill in Columbia and the one on Russell's creek, run by G. B. Smith, and the Columbia Light Plant are for sale. The owners are ready to give some man or men a bargain. They will sell a one-third or one half interest in the two mills or they will sell both plants to one man. They are in good running condition, both doing a splendid business.

The Light plant will be sold to one man or a company. The owners are ready to talk business. For further particulars see

G. B. Smith, at the Columbia Mill.  
8-tf

I have a lot of good shingles for sale at \$4.00 per thousand.

Geo. Bailey, Roy, Ky.

## A Surprise Wedding.

Last Wednesday evening about o'clock, Mr. Lucien Bell, who is the manager of the Cumberland Grocery Company, this place, and Miss Eva Redman, the oldest daughter of Mr. B. G. Redman, who lives on the Stanford pike, six miles from Columbia, autoed to the Lindsey-Wilson and in a very impressive manner were united in wedlock by Rev. R. V. Bennett. Soon after the ceremony the couple left for Lebanon, and on Thursday night attended a banquet given by the Knights Templar, the groom being a member of Marion Commandery.

Upon their return to this place they went to the cozy home owned and well furnished by the groom, and are now ready to meet their friends.

Mr. Bell is a very excellent young man, possessing good business qualifications, and is prospering as the years come and go.

The bride is not very well acquainted about Columbia, as she was strictly a home girl, but those who are favored with her acquaintance speak of her as a very deserving young lady.

The News extends its best wishes to the couple, trusting that they may be spared to live happily together for many years. The groom is full of business and is a hustler, not afraid to put his hands to honest industry, hence there is nothing in the way of their prosperity. It is said the bride is very domestic and will do her part in making a happy home. This union was a surprise to the groom's many Columbia friends, but they are now handing him the glad hand.

## Death at Horse Cave.

Mr. R. L. Bunnell, who was known to quite a number of Columbians, died at his home, Horse Cave, last Saturday. He was a brother-in-law of Dr. J. N. Murrell, this place, and was forty-eight years old. He was a victim of abscess of the liver. His widow and Dr. J. N. Murrell's wife are sisters, and both the Doctor and Mrs. Murrell attended the funeral. He was a good citizen and his death is a serious blow to Horse Cave.

## Will Tucker Dead.

Mr. Will Tucker, a young man about twenty years old, who served in the army, died near Ozark last Sunday night. He was a victim of consumption, and was a young man well liked by all who knew him. He was in Columbia about one week ago.

## Farmers's Union Elect.

The Farmers' Union met in Columbia last Saturday and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

J. V. Dudley, President.

T. A. Holladay, Vice President.

A. O. Young, Secretary.

J. Z. Conover, Chaplain,

Cecil Dunbar, Conductor.

Geo. Roys, Doorkeeper.

Dr. L. B. Hart will preach at the Presbyterian church next Sunday forenoon and evening. The community is invited to be present.

Judge H. C. Baker will be one of the speakers at the Methodist church this Tuesday night.

## Set-up Meeting.

There will be held at Columbia, Ky., Jan. 12, 1921, a District set-up meeting in the interest of the Christian Education Movement. The meeting will open Wednesday morning at 9:30. All pastors in the district, District Secretary of Sunday schools, of Epworth Leagues of the Woman's Missionary Society, district Lay Leader and two Laymen from each charge are expected to attend.

T. J. Wade, P. E.

## Wanted.

Nice dressed hogs, also hogs on foot, will pay good cash price.

Reeves Bros.

Columbia, Ky.

9-3t

## The Youth's Companion Home Calendar for 1921.

All dogs that were not tagged by the first of January are in danger.

The time for hunting has expired. Put up your gun and call your dog.

Mr. Clyde Buster and family have removed to the residence on Bomar Heights, formerly occupied by Mr. Travis Keene.

Corn is selling on this market at \$3.00 and \$3.50 per barrel, according to quality. A number of barrels were delivered here last Friday.

Several classes of the Presbyterian Sunday school were entertained by the teachers at the home of Miss O. M. Reed last Friday afternoon.

Mr. Cleveland Garrison has moved to the residence own by Mr. Alvin Murray, on Burkesville street, where Mr. J. H. Goff formerly resided.

During Christmas holidays we did not see a single man under the influence of ardent spirits in Columbia. It was strictly a sober Christmas.

What I have left of Mens and boys suits and overcoats at cost at Murray's.

Born, to the wife of E. W. Hatfield Akron, Ohio, on Dec. 22nd, a fine son Robert Webb Hatfield. The mother was Miss Clarice Webb, before her marriage.

The Farmers' Tobacco Warehouse Campbellsville has postponed its opening sale from Tuesday, January 4th, to Thursday January 6th, on account of some of the buyers being unable to reach it before this date.

Aching joints, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, can be relieved quickly by a rubbing application of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It is a powerful penetrating remedy. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Pauli Drug Co.

To drive out worms that are eating away the strength and vitality of your child, use White's Cream Vermifuge. It expels the worms without injury to the child. Price 35c. Sold by Pauli Drug Co.

Mr. Travis Keene and family, who have lived in Columbia for about a year, have removed to Cumberland county, where they formerly resided.

Mr. Keene's daughter, Miss Lou Sara, who is in the Lindsey Wilson, will remain in the institution.

For Sale.

Practically New Oliver Typewriter

in A-1 condition. Price \$40.00. A

great bargain.

The Kemper Company,

Columbia, Ky.

If Henry Ford paid for all the free advertising his car has received, every humorist in the country would have enough money to buy one of the machines, but Henry wouldn't have enough left to manufacture any more.

New York American.

"Stating that he would not stand for an increase in tire prices, Henry Ford says, "If tire builders raise prices, I can finance an independent company and make them myself." And believe us, Henry can do just that little thing if he takes into his head."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

We return thanks to all our correspondents for the services they rendered The News during the year 1920, and earnestly ask them to continue. We know they were at times vexed during the political campaign because we had to give so much space to political matter, and other urgent advertising, but they should consider that we get our living out of that character of matter, and overlook the omission of their letters occasionally. We hope to have more space for our correspondents in the future, and will not omit letters if possible.

Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Sam Barbee, Geo. J. Hurt, V. J. Shives, C. D. Cheatham, Geo. Cheatham, Junius Gadberry, D. U. Riall, B. J. Bowen, Simeon Murrell, Albert Bryant, Azro Hadley, W. S. Chapman, Leslie Chapman, J. C. Blair, Mrs. Duff Thompson, W. O. Loy, J. I. Hendrickson, T. B. Cravens, Bettie W. Butler, Jas. T. Page, R. M. Cabell, Clay Smith, H. P. Barger, Bascom Dohoney, T. C. Faulkner, Robt. Conover, A. W. Paxton, T. B. Lyon, L. M. Wilmore, A. A. Holladay, S. A. Stevenson, Richard Shirley, Guy Neil, J. W. Sublett, C. R. Rose, Horace Massie, W. R. Rose, R. A. Stone, L. Y. Gabbert, A. J. Stotts, S. H. Murrell, Porter A. Murrell, G. E. Williams, Cleo Cave, W. B. Rowe, W. J. Gabbert, W. L. Farris, C. Powell, Lucien Bell, J. W. Reynolds, Claud Callison, Robt. Reynolds, J. C. Donohoney, John Bell, Ralph Glover.

Subscribe for The News.

Mrs. Lizzie Pulliam, Nell, Ky., suffered a stroke of paralysis Friday night.

Collection for the sufferers of China, at the Methodist church, last Sunday forenoon was \$25.00. Baptist church, \$61.33.

Miss Eliza Watson, a maiden lady about 40 years old, who lived near Holmes, died last Saturday. She was buried at Mt. Carmel.

My thoroughbred Jersey bull is now ready for service. Fee, \$1.50 at the gate. I will not brake this bull.

Jo Barbee,  
Columbia, Ky.

Mr. John Wilson, Miltown, and Mrs. Emma Rupe, of Gradyville, were married last Saturday by Judge W. S. Sinclair. The ceremony was performed in the Judge's office.

Call at Once.

All persons owing Barger Bros. are requested to call and settle. They need the money and have given ample time.

Judge Rollin Hurt is now the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. Judge Carroll, the retiring Chief Justice, was presented with a silver cup, Judge Hurt making the presentation speech.

We have just read with much pleasure the charming little book "The Good Old Days" by Chas. W. Bell, of Frankfort, Ky. If you want to laugh order a copy from The Standard Printing Co., Published at Louisville, Ky. Price 50cts. per copy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Patterson were hosts at a lovely dinner at their home on Bomar Heights, Thursday Dec. 30, 1920. The following were presents: Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Russell, Mr. Jas. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Coffey, Mrs. Geo. Staples and Mrs. Hamlett.

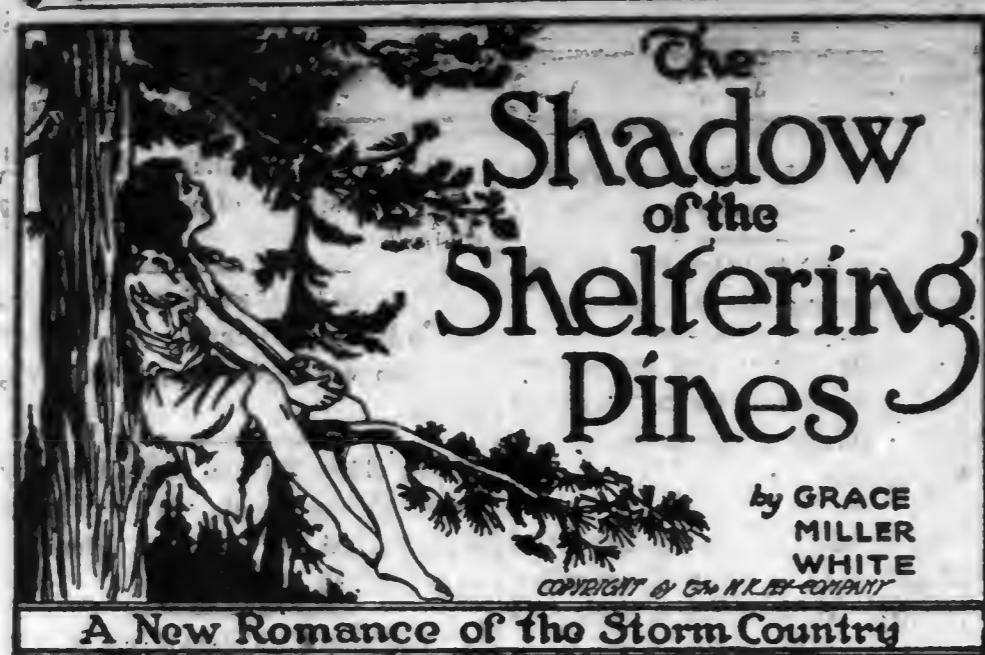
We learn from a friend that Dr. J. N. Page, known to every body in Columbia and out in Adair county, who is at present located at Monticello, met with a slight stroke of paralysis a week or two ago. The electric battery was applied and in a short time he was better, on the high road to recovery. His old home friends would be glad to learn that he had been permanently restored.

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A New Romance of the Storm Country

**SYNOPSIS.**

CHAPTER I.—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, disconsolate mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER II.—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a protracted "spree," and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. She estimates there is a secret connected with Tonnibel.

CHAPTER III.—In clothes that Uriah has brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

CHAPTER IV.—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER V.—Tonnibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devon while she is unconscious.

CHAPTER VI.—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devon is informed by Tony of her visitor. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of Devon's brutality, and disappears.

CHAPTER VII.—Tony's personality and her loneliness appeal to Doctor John and he arranges to take her into his house as a companion to his invalid brother.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" asked the girl.

"I think your Cousin John's gone mad," said Mrs. Curtis, beginning to cry. "He's brought a ragged girl into the house to stay, a girl with bare feet, and enough hair for three people. From what I could gather she's going to stay over with Paul. And John insisted on my going with him to buy these. Think of a poor nobody dressed up like a horse."

Katherine looked at her keenly. "I suppose you served Cousin John a deep-seated spell of hysterics, didn't you, when he popped the girl in or out?" she demanded.

"I did my best," admitted Mrs. Curtis, sniffing.

"Men get surfeited to women's tears, mamma darling," said the all-wise Katherine. "If I wanted to make any impression on him, I'd leave off howling every minute or two. And you don't look pretty when your nose is red. Who is the gutter rat?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's got a queer name, and I asked her about herself, and she looked as sulky as could be."

"Leave it to me—" began Katherine. Just then the door swung open, and there appeared before Katherine Curtis a girl who made her breath almost stop with surprise. A very young girl, too, the gazer caught at a glance. Abundant curls hung about one of the most beautiful faces Katherine had ever seen. Her mother hadn't told her the girl was so pretty. She felt a nervousness come over her when she thought of Philip MacCauley.

In silence Tonnibel donned her new clothes, and when she stood up to be inspected, Mrs. Curtis scowled at her.

"Go show Doctor John," she said. "He told me to send you right down to him."

Tonnibel was glad to escape. Katherine hadn't said a word to her, but both girls had eyed each other appraisingly, and Katherine suddenly came to a resolution, which she made known to her mother the moment they were alone.

"She can't stay in this house," she said between her teeth.

Mrs. Curtis laughed sarcastically.

"See what you can do with your cousin, then," she snapped. "I did my best with John, and he positively refused to let me go to Paul! As much as told me it was none of my business."

"I won't cry when I talk to him," said the girl. "I'll speak my mind outright. I'll make the house too hot to hold her. I think I know how to put one over on our philanthropic cousin's."

When Tonnibel came into the office that evening to ask a very important question of Doctor Pendlehaven, he said to her:

"My dear, I want you always to remember what I am going to tell you now. This house belongs to my brother and me. We do not wish you to take orders from anyone but us."

Tony gazed at him a moment, not understanding at first. Then her lips widened.

"That means if anyone says I've got to hike back to the canal boat, I don't go unless one of you tells me to," she demanded. "Is that it?"

The doctor laughed.

"Yes, that's it," he said. "Now what did you want of me?"

"Can I go down the lake tomorrow afternoon?" she hesitated and then went on, "I want to see if anyone's home."

"Certainly, dear child, you can," was the answer. "But get back before it's dark; I don't want anything to happen to my little Tony Girl."

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**The Fight.** Little by little Paul Pendlehaven taught her, and little by little Tony's salvation boy preached his lessons of Universal Love to her; and the eager young mind drank in the knowledge as a thirsty plant takes in water.

There were no signs of Uriah and Edith returning, and Tonnibel grew daily more hopeless when she thought of her mother. Perhaps she would never see her again. She had strenuously refused to speak of her people to Paul Pendlehaven.

Doctor John noticed as the days passed how much better his brother was looking, and no wonder his own heart warmed hourly to the curly-headed walf who had come among them so mysteriously.

Unknown to either of the doctors, Mrs. Curtis and her daughter had been able to keep Tony Devon from meeting Philip MacCauley in the house. At first John Pendlehaven had insisted that Tony attend the family table, but both Paul and the girl decided that her meals should be served in the sick room. Perhaps if Philip MacCauley hadn't been interested in a certain little girl on a canal boat, his curiosity would have taken him to Paul's apartments to make the acquaintance of the little companion John Pendlehaven had casually spoken of.

"She's a wonder, Phu," he said one evening. "For the first time I've hopes of Paul's recovery."

"Good!" replied Philip, and immediately fell into a reverie.

Tonnibel had reached the canal boat and had changed to her old clothes when suddenly she heard footsteps on the path beside the Hoghole. Her heart almost leapt out of her mouth. Perhaps her mother was coming home, perhaps her father. Tremblingly she crept out through the aperture. She drew back instantly. Reginald Brown was approaching the canal boat. She heard him cross the deck, and then the footsteps ceased. She hoped with all her might and main that he wouldn't think of coming downstairs.

But that was exactly what he did do. She crouched up against the bunk, as the boy stepped into the cabin. When he saw her a slow grin spread over his thin face.

"So you're here," he got out thickly. "Where have you been? I've visited this place three times in that many weeks. Where have you been, I say?"

"Go away," she said, half frightened to death. "You'd better get out of here before my mother comes back. She'll beat you with the broom!"

"I'm not afraid of your father or mother," he said tauntingly. "I know where they are."

The words sent Tonnibel forward a step.

"Honest?" she gasped. "Is it honest what you say?"

"Certainly," replied the young man, "and they told me to come here and get you."

"Where are they?" She had come very near him now, her eyes gazing at him wistfully. "Please tell me where my mummy is!"

"Never mind just now," said he, his eyes taking in her slight young figure passionately. "Here, I want to kiss you."

He dragged her forward until her slender, quivering body was pressed against his. He had said he intended to kiss her. All the rebellion of a primitive uneducated nature sprang into life within Tony Devon. The curly head darted upward for a moment, and the gray eyes blazed into the muddy blue ones, leering down upon her. Then, knowing no other way to protect herself from desecration, she set her sharp white teeth into Reggie's hand, sinking them deep beneath his skin. A cry of hurt escaped his lips, and he flung her from him.

"You little vixen," he got out, shaking his hand in panic. "You little wicked brat! There! Now I'll teach you to bite me again."

"I won't cry when I talk to him," said the girl. "I'll speak my mind outright. I'll make the house too hot to hold her. I think I know how to put one over on our philanthropic cousin's."

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beloved name of Philip. By this time the two men were struggling on the deck, and as if impelled by some unknown force Tony staggered up the steps.

It was just as she reached the top that she saw Captain MacCauley, by one mighty effort, lift the struggling figure of the other man and throw him into the lake. A sharp ejaculation fell from her lips. Never had she seen



**Never Had She Seen Such Strength.**

such strength, never had her heart sung as it did then. She trembled so that when Philip swung back and rushed toward her, she sank down at his feet. As falls away an old garment so fell away Phillip's anger. Tenderly he lifted her up and spoke to her.

"Poor little girl," he whispered. But he had no time to add anything, nor had Tony time to answer him.

For there on the Hoghole path looking at her, a frown dragging his brows together, was her father.

Uriah had halted at the sight of a man being thrown into the water.

Then he came forward, and the girl loosened herself from the arms that held her and turned swiftly to him.

"Where's my mummy?" she demanded, and again came a sharper "Where's my mother?" Roughly shoving her aside, Uriah walked across the boat deck, his sunken eyes fixed on MacCauley.

"What you mussin' about my boat for, mister?" he demanded. "And what happened to that young feller crawlin' to the beach there?"

"I slung him in the lake," said Phillip fiercely. "The pup was—was—" he made a gesture toward Tony as Devon's interruption belched forth:

"Was it any of your business what happened to my girl?"

Uriah took another step toward the young captain.

"That's your canoe, ain't it, roped to my dock?" he demanded fiercely. "Well, hop in and get away if you don't want a broken skull!"

Philip sent a flashing glance to the silent, white girl. There was such terror marked on her face that his teeth came together tensely.

"He can't go till my mother comes," she broke out abruptly. "I won't stay if he don't."

Uriah's hand went back to his hip.

"I guess he'll go if I tell 'im to," said he. "Just hop into your boat, kid, before I fill you up to your teeth with little bits of hot lead."

Tonnibel had witnessed scenes like this before. She knew but a tiny pressure of her father's finger on the gun he held would kill her sweetheart.

"Go along," she managed to get out between her chattering teeth. "It'll be worse for both of us if you do!"

Devon was forcing Philip backward toward the end of the dock, and by this time Reginald had crawled to the shore and had lain down upon it.

"Don't lag, mister," cried Tony to Phillip. "Go along to Ithaca."

MacCauley stepped into his canoe, and Devon sullenly unfastened the rope and threw it into the bow of the craft.

"Don't come back here if you don't want a taste of this," he snapped, touching his gun. "Get out and stay to me, mister."

With the end of the revolver he gave the canoe a shove, and Tony saw the paddle dip into the water and the boy move away.

**CHAPTER IX.**

**The Face in the Window.**

By ten o'clock a heavy rain and wind had settled over the Storm Country with such force that the waves were rolling southward like ivory-crested mountains. Once in a while heavy thud of thunder reverberated over the lake from the north, losing its roar back of the Cornell buildings on the university campus.

Devon's canal boat was following the little tug which was bugling the western shore northward. Tonnibel, in the little room back of the cabin, was searching through the darkness from the small window. But the only thing she could see was the dark bank along which they crept and which once in a while was lit up by a vivid streak of lightning.

Suddenly the engine stopped, and as she imagined Gussie could help her she gathered her into her arms.

In a vivid streak of lightning she saw they were anchored close to Crowbar point, which protected them somewhat from the wind. She

Continued on Page 3.

## DAVIS HARDWARE COMPANY.

Successors to Jeffries Hardware Store

### Dealer In

All kinds of Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Buggies, Harness and Farming Implements. A carefully selected stock of Hardware at reasonable prices. Tinware, Wagon, Paints and Oils.

### A Full Line of Farm Implements

### We Also Handle Auto Supplies

We invite you to call and see us when in the market for anything in our line

## DAVIS HARDWARE CO.

At the Jeffries Old Stand

Phone 171

Columbia Kentucky.

## W. B. PATTESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

INTERNATIONAL MADE-TO-MEASURE CLOTHES.

Second Floor, Jeffries Building.

COLUMBIA, KY.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

DENTIST

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY.

L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of a Special attention given Disease Domestic Animals

Office at Re... 1 mile of town, on Eastown road

Columbia, Ky.

A. F. SCOTT

DEALER IN

GARFORD TRUCKS

1½, 2, 3½, AND 5 TON

For Low Cost per Ton, Mile

SEE

A. F. SCOTT,

Casey Creek, Ky.

## WALL PAPER, RUGS, DRAPERYES LINOLEUM and CARPETS

Continued from Page 2.

crouched low when the little door opened and Uriah called her name.

"Come out here, Tonnibel," he commanded roughly, and Tony, with Gussie in her arms, crept into the cabin, where Reggie was seated on a bunk, looking pale and sullen.

"Set down on the floor, brat," commanded Uriah, and Tonnibel dropped down. "Now listen to me, Tony," went on Devon. "Ever since you've been knee high to a grasshopper you been as mean as the devil. You always got in behind Ede when she was here, but now there ain't no skirts to shove me off. You hear?"

Every vestige of blood left the wan young face.

"Where is mummy?" she said, lifting imploring eyes to his.

"Dead," said Devon brutally, "as dead as a door nail. Here, my lady, if you holler I'll rap you one on the gob."

"Dead!" cried Tonnibel. "Pop, you're lying to me—I know you are!" "Have it your own way, kid," replied Uriah, with an insolent laugh, "but one thing's sure—Ede ain't here to buck against me now. What I want to get into your thick noodle is you're goin' to get married as soon as we get to Auburn. See?"

The girl's eyes remained centered on his face, horror deep seated in their gray depths.

"Here's Reggie wantin' to marry you," continued Devon, with wide wave at the limp young man. "And when I say you've got to I mean it."

"I won't," fell from Tony's lips, but the awful expression on her face didn't change nor did she drop her eyes.

Devon took a quick step toward her, with an upraised arm, and as he had beaten his wife so he laid the blows about the girl's head and shoulders. The pig fell from Tony's arms in her desperate efforts to protect herself.

"Oh, daddy, don't, don't, any more!" she screamed.

Reggie Brown was watching the brutal scene dully as it interested him but little. At the girl's fearful plea Devon stepped back and glared at her.

"Will you do what I bid you, miss?" he demanded hoarsely. "I'd as soon kill you as take a wink."

Tonnibel made no answer save to weep more wildly, and, because she did not make ready reply, Uriah struck her again. Then suddenly Reginald stood up.

"Don't hit 'er any more, Dev," he drawled. "Shut 'er up a while and keep 'er without grub, and she'll come to time. Give 'er a night to think it over. God, but you've wallowed her black and blue as 'tis."

In answer to this Devon picked Tony up and threw her into the back cabin. Then he kicked Gussie over the threshold, slammed the door and locked it.

Philip MacCauley had paddled away from the Dirty Mary with a dull, sick fear for the girl he had had to leave behind. To fight single-handed a drunken man with a gun was foolhardy and would do little Tony no good.

When he reached the corner of the lake he ran his craft ashore and sat for a long time thinking. Suddenly he saw through the dusk that the canal boat had left its moorings and was moving slowly northward in the teeth of the rising wind. With an ejaculation he shoved off and was out in the boisterous surf. Wherever that boat went he decided to go, too.

As he paddled carefully along, he could see the shadows of two men in the glimmer of the little light in the small pilot house. Then Reggie was there with Devon, but where was Tony?

One small window in the canal boat gave forth a dim light. He felt within him that she was there where that light was, alone and suffering. What had she thought of his allowing himself to be forced away from her when she needed him most? His teeth came together sharply. He was no coward, this Philip MacCauley, this captain of the Salvation army.

Suddenly he caught sight of a passing shadow in the cabin, and his heart leapt up within him. 'Twas the shadow of a girl walking up and down. Grimly his teeth set into his under lip and with one deep thrust of the paddle into the water, he sent the canoe headlong toward the canal boat. Then it was that a girl's face came to the window.

The canoe almost crashed against the side of the bigger boat as it came sidewise of it, and Philip caught at it.



Philip Caught at it Desperately.

desperately. Slowly lifting himself up he thrust his face close to Tony's. She was staring at him blankly as if his ghost had suddenly risen out of the storm-tossed lake.

"Don't do that, darling," he whispered as she drew back in terror. "I'm going to take you away."

Then she realized who it was, and reached out and clutched at him breathlessly.

"Climb through," undertoned Philip. "Quick, climb through, and when I tell you to drop, do it, but not before."

By holding his body rigidly erect, he managed to keep the canoe upright. Then he waited, but not for long. Almost immediately a girl's bare arm shot through the window. Something wriggled in her clutching fingers. Philip almost lost his hold on the boat as Gussie came against his face. He snatched the pig and dropped it at his feet. Then a pair of bare legs followed and Tony's body began to wriggle through the narrow aperture.

Once or twice Philip muttered an ejaculation as a streak of lightning crossed the sky only to die and leave the water as dark as before. It was taking the girl an interminable time to squeeze herself through that opening. Suddenly her shoulders were through, and she was hanging on by her hands.

Just at that moment the tug ahead became silent, and Philip heard the two men walking back along its roof. They were coming aboard the canal boat, and if—He crushed the canoe nearer, lifted one hand and jerked the hanging figure of the girl away from the window. She flopped face downward into the bottom of the canoe, and Philip left her there limp without a word. Then he let go his hold of the canal boat, and a great wave lifted his slender craft upon its crest and they shot away toward the bank.

It took a shorter time than it takes to tell it for the canoe to reach the shore. Under the overhanging trees where they were shielded from the wind, Philip turned and looked back. A man's face was thrust through the window which had just yielded up the quiet little figure at his feet. Then two forms appeared upon the stern deck. From the hand of one of the men hung a lantern. Philip remained very still. He knew they could not see him hidden away there in the darkness.

For a long time, through which Tonnibel never moved, Philip waited. The men on the canal boat seemed filled with terror. They ran from one end of it to the other. He heard them calling to and fro, and once in a while an oath escaped from Devon as he screamed his daughter's name loudly.

It was not until he saw one of them climb upon the tug and heard the sudden clang of the engine that the boy took up his paddle and moved slowly along the shore southward, and as he was going with the wind, Philip made rapid progress toward the head of the lake.

In a little cove he drew the canoe to the shore and, springing out, dragged it its length from the water.

Then he called softly:

"Tony—little Tony."

The girl stirred and lifted her head.

"Yep," she sighed. "I'm here."

"Come out," said Philip, leaning over and taking hold of her arm. "There! Child, don't shake so. You're safe here with me, and I suppose they think you're drowned by this time. Can't you step out, dear?"

She was trembling, so he had to pick her up and lift her out in his arms. Then he carried her under an overhanging rock and placed her on the sand.

Through many sobs and tears, she told him all that had happened on the canal boat, and that her father had said her mother was dead. And so touched was Philip MacCauley, he felt the tears rim his own lashes. For a long time, in fact until the rain ceased to beat upon the rocks and shore, they stayed under cover. Most of the time they were silent, most of the time Philip held the curly head against his breast. When the dawn began to break Tonnibel roused herself.

"I'm goin' away now," she said. "I've got to go to my friends. And I can't tell you just how much I'm thinkin' you."

"But if I let you go," protested Philip. "I'll never see you again. Oh, don't do that, Tony, I couldn't stand it now!"

"I couldn't, either," she said under her breath. "I'll be comin' back here to this hole some day."

"When?" asked Philip, eagerly. "Today?"

Tonnibel shook her head.

"None," she replied wearily. "I'm dead beat out."

"And I forgot that," cried the boy. "Tony, darling, will you—will you kiss me before you go?"

Two arms shot out and clasped around his neck. Two eager lips met his in such passionate abandon that for a long time after Tony and Gussie had gone away toward the boulevard Philip MacCauley lay face downward on the shore, the sun peeping at him from the eastern hill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Paul Pendleton lay wide awake in his bed, his sunken eyes filled with darkened sorrow. His brother had stayed with him the most of the night and now sat beside him.

"Will you sleep?" asked Doctor John.

"I'll try," was the response. "I could if I knew where she was."

Doctor John reached over and took his brother's thin hand.

"The morning may bring her back," he said soothingly. "And Paul, old man, if you worry like this, you'll be back where you were four weeks ago."

The invalid sighed heavily.

"I've grown so accustomed to her," he said in excuse, "and somehow since

Continued on Page 6.

# BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need anything in this line, call at once.

## SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them

right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

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I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

## WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG,

KENTUCKY.

## THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work.

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have ever found for the full, uncomfortable

feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

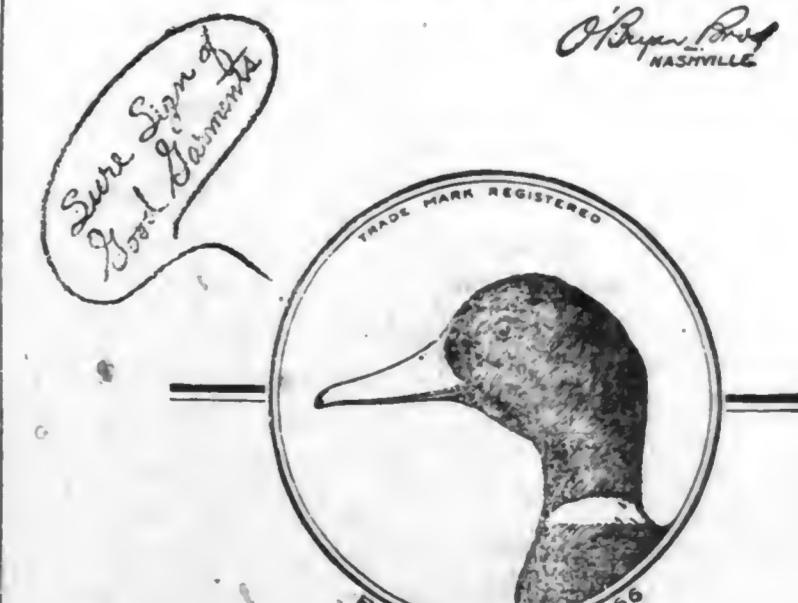
Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine.

At all druggists. 0.75

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A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

Subscribe for The News.

Uncle Joe Cannon is now ending his 44th year in congress, having been elected 23 times. He says he wants to exceed Gladstone's record in the House of Commons, which was 53 years.

Florida's slogan should be "out with cats," and Gov. Catts, her misfit chief executive, should be the first put out.

# NOTICE TO TOBACCO GROWERS

The warehouse management is as anxious to open the sales floors as the growers are to market their crops. The reason why the house is not open and selling tobacco now, is because of our inability to secure buyers.

The Trust Buyers will not come on the Kentucky markets, either hoghead or loose leaf, before the first of the year.

If you ship your tobacco and sell before the first of the year you will face this condition and quite likely you would be greatly disappointed with the price you would receive.

We will receive Tobacco December 30, and First Sale will be held on

## Thursday January 6th, 1921

We are making all Necessary Arrangements to take care of the tobacco that may come here. We feel that with our Greatly Enlarged Buildings, so much Additional Floor Space, that we can handle all the Tobacco that may be brought here without serious difficulty!

We are assured of a full corps of Buyers, with prospects of a much larger number than ever before.

## The Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co., Campbellsville, Ky.

INCORPORATED.

**Adair County News**

Published on Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, ----- Editor  
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, ----- MGR

Democratic newspaper devoted to the interest  
of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair  
and adjoining counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second  
mail matter.

WEDN. JAN. 5. 1921.

Subscription Price 1st and 2nd Postal Zone  
1.50 per year.  
All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year  
A Subscription due and payable in Advance

### Announcements.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that W. B. Patterson is a candidate for Sheriff of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party, expressed at the August primary.

For County Judge

We are authorized to announce Geo T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of the Adair County Court, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

Under a call from State Superintendent George Colvin, the county superintendents of the State will meet in Frankfort January 27, 28.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company announce that it will spend \$11,000,000 in Kentucky this year building roads. From reading the article the greater portion of this appropriation will go to Eastern Kentucky.

The Louisville Post says that an extra session of the Legislature will be called if the Republicans think they can put a redistricting bill through. If they are uncertain about having a majority in the Senate, on this particular vote, the extra session will not be called.

There is much speculation just now as who will go into the Harding Cabinet. Quite a number of gentleman have been mentioned, but no one knows for certain. The one that seems almost sure of a place is George G. Hawes, of Chicago, who the knowing ones say will be Secretary of the Treasury. It is said that the Secretary of State will come from the East.

Editors of Kentucky had a very pleasant and profitable meeting in Louisville last week. A number of splendid addresses were made in the interest of publishers, and some new resolves made for 1921. We did not attend the meeting for two reasons. First, we did not have the time; second, our evening suit had ink spots on it, and our friends who promised to pay up failed to come in, and for this last reason especially, we could not chin the price.

In this issue of the News Judge G. T. Herriford announces his candidacy for County Judge, subject to the action of the Republican party. A few years ago he served one term in this position, and his record as a County Judge is known throughout the county. He is a firm man, and when it comes to administering justice, he is known

to be a man who will do the right thing between man and man without fear or favor. In other words, should he be nominated and elected, he will be the Judge. He is in favor of public improvements, but he will want to know how the people's money is to be expended before he acts. He is a most excellent citizen and is at all times found upon the right side on all moral questions. He presents his candidacy, hoping that it will be favorably received, and in the meantime he will personally visit the voters of his party later in the canvass.

As a means of checking the illegal whisky traffic in Kentucky a committee of members of the Commonwealth's Attorneys' Association, in session at the Seelbach Hotel, told Gov. Edwin P. Morrow they advocated "a force of thirty-six detectives, appointed by and responsible to the Commonwealth's Attorneys, and interchangeable from one county to another." The committee also told the Governor there were two main obstacles preventing their convicting of more persons whom they knew to be engaged in the traffic. These, the committee stated, were the "apathy of sheriffs to apprehend crime, except when armed with warrants," and the fact that bootleggers are familiar with persons in their counties who might reveal activities of those prosecuting them. Governor Morrow declared he favored the idea, doubting if he had the authority to appoint such a force. The Governor promised the committee

finds the law gives the chief executive sufficient power he will include it in the call in the event he decides on a special session of the Legislature. It was suggested the detectives' salaries be fixed at not less than \$2,000 a year.

### Bogard, Mo.

Dec. 30th, 1920.

Editor News:

Dear Sir:

As the New Year is drawing nigh thought I had better send in my renewal, as I can not very well do without the good old paper, as it keeps me posted about everything and everybody. I enjoyed reading Mr. Ross' letter to Dr. Miller very much although I never knew Mr. Ross, yet I have known Dr. Miller a long time and had a very pleasant conversation with him while there last summer. I also enjoyed reading my dear Mr. Harris' contribution to the News two weeks ago, all the objection I have to his letters they don't come often enough. If I could write as good newsy letters as he I would come every two weeks any way. In fact I love to read every thing in the paper especially the letters from the former Adair county people, wish more of them would write to the News. We are having some Ideal winter weather now. Xmas is passing off nice with lots of Xmas trees and Sunday School treats. Our little town has just gone through with a great revival of religion. Bro. Mood the Baptist preacher here had Rev. Montgomery a Baptist Evangelist from Greenville, South Carolina, to do the

preaching and invited the Cumberland Presbyterian and both Methodist preachers attended. So all worked together in great harmony for two weeks with a result of sixty odd conversions. during the last week the people of Bogard and community around visited the home of the four preachers and left a donation of \$40 to \$50 at each place and at the close of the meeting a purse of \$650 was made up for the Evangelist. So you see every body in and around Bogard was feeling good when Xmas come. It certainly was a great meeting.

During the meeting the people would gather corn in the forenoon and come to church in the afternoon and night. Last week every body was busy butchering hogs and getting ready for Xmas. fore the season for hunting rabbits hasn't been as good as usual.

As I don't know any news will close by wishing the news and its many readers a happy and a prosperous New year.

Most Respt.  
Luther M. Wilmore.

### Tobacco Makes a Good Fertilizer.

Lexington, Ky., Dec.—In view of the current prices of commercial fertilizers and the fact that some grades of tobacco are selling for less than \$2.00 per hundred pounds, Kentucky farmers can profitably use tobacco, especially some of the dark tobaccos for fertilizing purposes, according to a reply made by Prof. George Roberts, head of the Agronomy Department of the State College of Agriculture, in response to numerous inquiries being received from farmers. A ton of tobacco fine enough for distribution would be worth about \$67.50 or \$3.37 a hundred pounds according to calculations made on certain current prices of mixed fertilizers. However, if the tobacco is to be used as a fertilizer it should only be used in connection with acid phosphate was the suggestion of Prof. Roberts.

A ton of tobacco containing the average amount of nitrogen and potash, which is four per cent of the former and six per cent of the latter, when mixed with 1,000 pounds of acid phosphate would make a ton of fertilizer having the following approximate composition: Nitrogen two per cent, phosphoric acid eight per cent potash three per cent. On the basis of certain current mixed fertilizer prices this tobacco mixture fertilizer would be worth about \$50 a ton, according to Prof. Roberts.

**WE** are Reducing our Prices as they Decline in the Wholesale Markets.

**OUR** Stocks of Winter Goods are as Complete as Existing Conditions Justify.

**RUSSELL & CO.**

### PERSONAL

Miss Laura Frazer, of Danville, was a pleasant visitor to Columbia last week. She stopped with Miss Allene Montgomery. She has a number of relatives in this place.

Messrs. Paul and Preston Williams, of Stillwater, Okla., are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Helen Williams.

Mr. Art Hurt, Dayton, Ohio, visited relatives and friends in Adair county last week.

Mr. Leslie Graves and Mr. T. W. Taylor, Campbellsville, were here a few days since.

Dr. Snyder, Mr. J. H. Hoffman and Mr. T. C. Roberts, of Lexington were at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. T. J. Nolan, Louisville, was at the Jeffries Hotel last Thursday.

Prof. Fletcher M. Green, of the Lindsey-Wilson, who spent the holidays with his home people in Alabama, returned Saturday.

Miss Eva Rhodus, teacher in the Lindsey-Wilson, after spending Christmas with her parents in Taylor county, returned to the institution Saturday.

Miss Helen Beauchamp, who has the primary department in Lindsey-Wilson, spent the holidays with her people in Hopkinsville.

Prof. Albert Bryant left Friday morning for Leesburg, Ala., having accepted the principalship of the school at that place. He is a splendid instructor, and a young man of excellent character.

Mr. Geo. J. Jasper, Russell Springs, was in Columbia a few days since.

Prof. J. L. Creech, Williamsburg, visited in Adair county last week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Murrell were called to Horse Cave last Thursday, to be at the bedside of a sick relative.

Mr. Fred Simpson and wife, Breeding, were in Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. B. J. Bowen, a substantial citizen of Knifley, made a business trip to Columbia last Thursday. He has not missed a copy of the News for 17 years.

Misses Allye Garnett, Thomasine Garnett and Bonnie Judd left the latter part of the week for their respective schools.

Dr. T. H. Curd, of Middlesboro, a former physician of this place, was here last week, visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. E. Bradshaw and son, Edward, Louisville, spent last week with Mrs. Bradshaw's aunt, Mrs. Bettie W. Butler.

Mr. T. Earl Williams made his regular trip to Columbia last week.

Messrs. Thos. Anderson and Henry Eusslin, of Stanford, were here a few days since.

Mr. T. C. Faulkner, who is surveying a road from Monticello to Albany, spent Christmas week with his family here.

Miss Christine Nell of Gradyville, spent several days of last week with Miss Catherine Nell.

Prof. Azro Hadley, a well-known efficient teacher of this county, has

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### In Kentucky.

Robert Lee Campbell,  
Where does the summer sun shine  
brightest?

In Kentucky.  
Where do the women lace the tightest?

In Kentucky.  
Where are the winter rains the boldest?

In Kentucky.  
Where are the damsels that are doliest?

In Kentucky.  
Where do the horses run the fleetest?

In Kentucky.  
Where do woman smile the sweetest?

In Kentucky.  
Where are cowards found the fewest?

In Kentucky.  
Where are the women who are truest?

In Kentucky.

### Some Things To Be Desired For The New Year.

BY JESSE L. MURRELL.

By God's good help I would be true  
In all I think, and speak, and do;  
And live to honor His good name,  
And shun the paths that lead to shame.

My purposes, may they be right,  
And for the good help me to fight;  
And keep myself in Thy pure love,  
And hunger most for things above.

May I be humble as a child,  
In me forbidding there should be guile,  
By grace, may I be pure in heart,  
And shield me from all hellish darts.

May I have eyes to see the right,  
And for the good to bravely fight;  
To walk in paths of sweetest peace  
Until my journey here shall cease.

Then I shall find a sweeter home,  
Where I no more shall weep and mourn;  
But find in Thee sweet endless rest,  
And be in Thee forever blest.

THE NEWS is \$1.50 and  
\$2.00 per year. Send in  
our subscription at once.

### Ozark.

Christmas has passed and we have entered the New Year with the resolve to do all the good we can each day. Not to wait for big opportunity but to do the little things that will help others.

We experienced a sad Christmas in this community. Last Monday afternoon Little Marvin Conover was killed. His remains were buried Tuesday. Wednesday morning the sad news of the death of Mrs. Milt Wolford, spread over the neighborhood. Funeral and burial Thursday.

Prof. Albert Bryant left Friday for Alabama where he is offered the principalship of a school. He said if he liked in every respect he would accept, if not satisfied he would return home.

Mr. Art Hurt of Dayton, O., is visiting in the community where he was reared.

Mr. Lucian Price who has been working in Illinois, for several months reached home for Christmas. Also Mr. Avery Blair is spending the holidays at home.

Mr. Buren Polly, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Polly, who has been in Illinois, several years is visiting his parents and many friends here.

Our young people had a few entertainments that I will endeavor to write up later, when I have more time. I must stop for the present by wishing the News and its many readers a Happy New Year.

Elk Brand Overalls.

Murray's Store.

The funeral of Mr. J. W. Marshall will occur to-morrow.

you told me of her people, I fear something may have happened to her."

"We'll hope for the best," said John Pendlehaven, rising. "Now if I run down for a wink or two will you lie quiet while I'm gone?"

"Yes," came in a breath, and true to his word, Paul Pendlehaven scarcely breathed for a long while after his brother went out, although his heavy gray eyes stared at the breaking dawn. If anyone had told him a month ago, he could have longed for any human being as he now longed for Tony Devon, he wouldn't have believed it. He drudged the day without her dear smile bending over him. Perhaps she would never come back. At that thought he groaned.

If he could only go to sleep. Only close his eyes—

His lids sank slowly down, and he slept fitfully. Mingled in his dreams of Tony Devon came a sharp sound. That, like Tony, must be a dream, too, that sound was out of the ordinary noises of the day, for although the sun had called into life the bees and birds, Ithaca still slumbered.

The noise came again, striking against his nervous brain and waking him. Suddenly, with panting breath and beating pulses, he lifted himself on his elbow. The screen had fallen from the window and perhaps ten seconds passed as he stared mutely at it. Then like a shot from a gun, Tony Devon sprang through the window into the room. For a moment the sick man gazed at her with mingled emotions. Something dreadful had happened to her. She was so white, so wan, ill-like and changed, yet blotching the pallor of her face were reddish brown bruises. Then the bare feet took the distance between them in a bound. The dimples at the corners of her lips lived a moment and were gone.

When Paul Pendlehaven dropped back on the pillow, she spoke.

"Me and Gussie's back," she said brokenly. "I climbed up the tree and



"Me and Gussie's Back," She Said Brokenly.

got to the roof, fearin' to wake up the other folks in the house." She sat down beside the bed. "Somehow I know you're be lookin' for me, sir."

It was because she had passed through such a dreadful night and was so terribly tired that she cried a little as a child cries after it has been cruelly punished.

Paul Pendlehaven let his thin hand drop on the frowsy head. Tears stung his own lids like nettles.

"Dear child," he breathed, "dear pretty child. I've waited all night for you. My God, what's happened to you?"

Tony covered her face with her hands.

"Somebody beat me up," she moaned. "I can't tell anything now. And I lost my pretty clothes."

Sudden strength came to Paul Pendlehaven. He sat up straight and forcibly lifted the pitiful hurt face so he could look at it.

"Tony," he began gravely, "I command you to tell me what happened to you. Tell me instantly. If I knew, I could take steps to punish the ruffian who dared to do this thing."

That was just what Tony didn't want. hadn't she sworn to Edith in the presence of the infinite Christ, that good Shepherd who had given up His life for His sheep, that no matter what Uriah did she wouldn't speak on him?

The tears were still rolling down her cheeks under lowered lids.

"You have so helped me, Tony," continued Pendlehaven, "and yet you refuse to let me do what I can."

She tried to think of something to comfort him.

"It sometimes daddies and husbands beat their women folks," she explained.

"Then your father whipped you?" quizzed the doctor.

"That I can't tell," said the girl. "Don't make me. . . . Oh, Lordy, I'm all tuckered out."

It was of no use to put questions any more, thought Pendlehaven. He was persuaded that her father had done this dreadful thing.

At eight o'clock, when Dr. John Pendlehaven softly entered the sickroom he found his brother in sound slumber, and Tony Devon, her face discolored with bruises, fast asleep in the chair by the bedside.

It was a stubborn Tony that faced Doctor John that morning. Adroitly he tried to draw from her the reason for her extreme paleness, for the dark marks stretched across her face, and the meaning of the shudders that suddenly attacked her.

"I can't tell," she reiterated in distress as she had to his brother. "Please don't ask me."

That her mother was dead, she firmly

believed. This she did tell the doctor between many sobs and tears.

"I'll never see her ever any more," she told him tremulously. "And if you'll let me, I'll live here forever and forever and take care of Doctor Paul."

"My brother can't get along without you, dear," he said, deeply touched. "If you had seen how he grieved last night, you wouldn't have made that remark."

"I know he likes me," said the girl, sighing, "and I love him. Why, I love him!"

She searched the man's face and caught his smile.

"Better than you do me?" he came in with.

"Yes," said Tonnibel, honestly, "but you next—" Then she thought of Phillip, of the hours he had held her against his breast, of the kiss in the morning's dawn, and she fell into a bashful silence.

When Doctor Pendlehaven told Mrs. Curtis that Tony had returned, her face drew down in a sulky frown.

"But we needn't care," Katherine said afterward, "she doesn't bother us much. For my part I can't see how Cousin Paul stands her."

"John says Paul almost died last night," took up Mrs. Curtis. "I suppose she's one of the things we've got to stand in a house run by an old bachelor and a grieving widow."

"To say nothing of a father with a daughter lost somewhere in the world," supplemented Katherine.

"There's no danger of Caroline's returning after all these years," said Mrs. Curtis. "If—if—if that girl hadn't come, Paul wouldn't have lived long. John told me so himself. I almost hoped that—"

"That he'd die?" interrupted Katherine, maliciously. "Well, to be truthful I have wished it many times. Cousin John would have to think of somebody else then. Perhaps he'd turn his attention to you, mother darling."

"He won't while Paul lives," sighed Mrs. Curtis. "I don't know just what to do. I've thought of every conceivable way to get that girl out of the house, and John forestalls me every time."

"I'm glad Philip hasn't seen her," remarked Katherine. "He's just the religious maudlin kind who would fall for an appealing face like hers." Mrs. Curtis made an impatient gesture, and Katherine proceeded, "We can't deny she is appealing, mamma, even if we hate her! And God knows I loathe her so I could strangle her with these two hands." She held up clenched fingers, then relaxed them and laughed bitterly. "Heavens! What's the use of butting our heads against a stone wall? . . . Give me a cigarette, my dear Sarah. Phillip won't be here until night, and I can get rid of the odor before that."

Meanwhile upstairs Tony Devon was fast getting back to her normal self. The blessed assurance she had that she was needed by her sick friend lifted her spirits. She grieved inwardly for her mother, but shuddered when she thought of her father. Now all ties were cut between them. She had no doubt but that both Uriah and Reggie thought she was dead in the lake. She hoped they did! She'd never see either one of them again.

She was sitting thinking deeply when Paul Pendlehaven spoke to her.

"Little dear," said he, reaching out his hand toward her, "come over a minute. I want to talk to you!"

Tonnibel went to him instantly, as she always did when he called her.

"You will promise me something," he insisted, as his hot hand clasped hers. "Tony, don't go out again like you did yesterday. I shan't be able to stand it if you do!"

Tonnibel's mind flashed to Phillip. She felt sure he would go to the corner of the lake every day to meet her, as he had gone to the canal boat.

Yet as she gazed into the imploring eyes of her friend, she had no heart to deny him his wish.

"I'm selfish, perhaps," the man went on, "but, Tony dear, if you want to go out, there's lots of cars in the garage, and horses in the stable. Won't you promise me?"

That was just what Tony didn't want. hadn't she sworn to Edith in the presence of the infinite Christ, that good Shepherd who had given up His life for His sheep, that no matter what Uriah did she wouldn't speak on him?

The tears were still rolling down her cheeks under lowered lids.

"You have so helped me, Tony," continued Pendlehaven, "and yet you refuse to let me do what I can."

She tried to think of something to comfort him.

"It sometimes daddies and husbands beat their women folks," she explained.

"Then your father whipped you?" quizzed the doctor.

"That I can't tell," said the girl. "Don't make me. . . . Oh, Lordy, I'm all tuckered out."

It was of no use to put questions any more, thought Pendlehaven. He was persuaded that her father had done this dreadful thing.

At eight o'clock, when Dr. John Pendlehaven softly entered the sickroom he found his brother in sound slumber, and Tony Devon, her face discolored with bruises, fast asleep in the chair by the bedside.

It was a stubborn Tony that faced Doctor John that morning. Adroitly he tried to draw from her the reason for her extreme paleness, for the dark marks stretched across her face, and the meaning of the shudders that suddenly attacked her.

"I can't tell," she reiterated in distress as she had to his brother. "Please don't ask me."

That her mother was dead, she firmly

believed. This she did tell the doctor between many sobs and tears.

"I'll never see her ever any more," she told him tremulously. "And if you'll let me, I'll live here forever and forever and take care of Doctor Paul."

The dining room door was closed, but the sound of voices from within told her the family was at dinner. She dreaded venturing into Mrs. Curtis' presence and shivered when she remembered the critical Katherine who looked her over with supercilious toleration whenever they happened to meet. But she made no complaint and went slowly downstairs.

The dining room door was closed, but the sound of voices from within told her the family was at dinner. She opened the door slowly and stepped inside. For one moment her vision was obscured by the fright that suddenly took possession of her. As the blur cleared from her eyes, she saw John Pendlehaven smiling at her. Then a sharp ejaculation from some one else swung her gaze from the doctor's face, and it settled on—Phillip MacCauley.

She went extremely pale and put out her hand to grasp something for support as if she were going to fall. She saw him rise up slowly, an expression of amazement and relief going across his face. She smiled, but what a weary little smile it was and how full of pleading, as if she were silently begging him to forgive her for some deed she'd done.

John Pendlehaven gazed at the two young people, and then he too got to his feet.

"Philip," he said abruptly, "this is Tonnibel Devon. She's Paul's companion. We have—"

Philip interrupted the speaker by his sudden bound around the table. "Tony Devon, little Tony," he cried. "I thought, oh, I thought you were dead. I thought I'd lost you forever."

A noise from Katherine's lips, and Mrs. Curtis stumbled to her feet.

"So you know her too, Phillip," she said with a hasty glance at her pallid daughter. "I thought we'd kept her well out of your way. So you've played the sneak while eating bread and butter in my house, miss," she blurted at Tony. "Well, it's what one might have expected of you—you buzzzy."

"Mother!" gasped Katherine, as Tonnibel snatched her hands from Phillip.

"Kathie, you needn't 'mother' me!" cried Mrs. Curtis, blind with rage.

"Either she goes away or I do. I won't stay in the house with a common sneak—a common—"

"Sarah, sit down," thundered John Pendlehaven. "Don't speak another such word or—"

Tony was at the doctor's side before he could finish his threat.

"I didn't sneak," she said, looking up at him. "Oh, please—please believe me."

"That she didn't," cried Phillip, coming to her side. "Cousin John, I've known Tony Devon ages, and I didn't even know she was in this house." He turned his flashing eyes upon Mrs. Curtis, who was weeping hysterically.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cousin Sarah," he went on, "to use such language to a perfectly nice little girl. Why, you've just about broken her heart."

His voice had sunk to a passionate whisper. His eyes misted in a youthful struggle to control his joy, and—and at the sight of him, Katherine lost her wits entirely.

"Who and what have we been harboring in this house, Cousin John?" she shrieked in a high thin voice, struggling to her feet. "A gutter rat, a little snake, a loose girl—"

Each word, brought out with greater vehemence and passion than the one before, struck the listeners dumb. In shame-faced misery, Tonnibel sank to the floor, dropping her head into her hands.

"Oh, no, I'm not that," she wailed. "My mummy never lived in the gutter; she never did. I was poor, awful poor—"

"Poor!" exclaimed Katherine. "You're worse than poor. I suppose you've wheedled Phillip the same way you have Cousin Paul."

"Katherine, I command you to be silent," shouted Pendlehaven. "If you say another word, I shall ask you to leave my house."

"Well, I never!" screamed Mrs. Curtis.

"And you too, Sarah," thrust in the doctor. "We don't know the truth of it."

"I promise," she said in a low voice, but a sob prevented her from saying anything more.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### The Stomach.

Never before since he had taken up his work of redemption had Phillip MacCauley found the hours so long and so difficult to live through. Day after day he canoed to the place Tony had promised to meet him, only to return to Ithaca more at sea than ever. He had the sickening idea that the girl he had grown to love was again in the clutches of her brute of a father and Reginald Brown.

Tony, too, began to lose the high spirits that had returned almost immediately after her escape from the canal boat. The gray eyes grew darkly circled, the lovely mouth seemed to have lost the power to smile.

Paul Pendlehaven noted all this with apprehension. He questioned the girl time after time, asking her if she felt well, if there was anything she wanted, but she always replied in the negative.

One day after they had had their dinner, he sat looking at her curiously. She was close to the window reading a book, when he caused her to look up by calling her name.

"Run downstairs, Tony dear," he went on, "and tell my brother to come up here before office hours, will you, honey?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Fordson

MORE and more every day the demand for the Fordson Tractor increases because the Fordson has demonstrated so much usefulness, so much economy, so much labor saving, so much money saving, along so many lines of activity. The farmer has discovered that not only for plowing, harrowing, discing, seeding, mowing, reaping and threshing, but a multitude of other uses; cutting wood; feed; grinding feed; churning; washing; furnishing water in the house; making electric light possible in the house and around the barns; so that, as a matter of fact, there is hardly an hour in the day when the Tractor cannot be made a profitable servant. There is ditching to do; there are roads to fix and so on all down the line of the numerous calls that constantly face the farmer the Fordson steps in and does the work, shoulders the complete burden of the toil and the hard work, one might almost say "drudgery".

This is the Age of Machinery, the day when man plans the day's work, or the year's work, and then turns it over to the Tractor to execute. Get the book, "The Fordson at Work," because it is free. If you cannot call for it, write and we will mail it to you. The Tractor is not only a necessity to every farmer but is an established utility along a great many lines. Our allotment is limited to so many each month. Let's have your order now.

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All Classes of Dental Work Done.

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**"TALKING MACHINES"**

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The "PRIMA DONNA" machine plays all disc records. No extra attachments are necessary.

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**HAIL — FIRE**  
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One Insurance Policy Protects  
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Insured ONLY by  
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**W. T. PRICE, Agent**

Columbia, Kentucky.

All Kinds of Insurance

The day after prohibition agents raided Hurley, Wis., the water rates were advanced 50 per cent. The water company evidently thought the old toppers had to drink something and would take their spite out on the water.

Only one more day to do your leap-yearing. Better get busy or you'll be left at the post.

Elk Brand Overalls.

Murray's Store.

Babe Good, 32, is dead in the Walnut Hill section of Casey.



*Come, let us now  
Our journey pursue—  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear:  
His admirable will  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.*

*Our life is a dream;  
Our time, as a stream,  
Gides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
The arrow is down,  
The moment is gone:  
The millenial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.*

*O that each, in the day  
Of His coming, may say,  
I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.  
O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!*

Charles Wesley

**Seven Sentence Sermons**

**M**EAN to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Doing what can't be done is the glory of living.—General Armstrong.

A bright New Year and a sunny track Along an upward way,  
And a song of praise on looking back,  
When the year has passed away;  
And golden sheaves, nor small, nor few!

This is my New Year's wish for you! —Anon.

If you tell the truth, you have infinite power supporting you; but if not, you have infinite power against you.—Charles George Gordon.

And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful.—Col. 2, 15.

I asked the New Year for some message sweet,  
Some rule of life which to guide my feet;  
I asked, and passed; he answered, soft and low,  
"God's will to know."

—Anon.

What thou hast in store  
This coming year, I do not stop to ask;  
Enough, if day by day there dawns before me  
My appointed task;  
I seek not great things,  
For I have learned how vain such seeking is,  
But let me seek Thy will, O King of kings,  
And find therein my bliss.

—O. E. Fuller.

**BEGINNING A NEW YEAR.**

Though we are apt to think that New Year's has been observed since the year one, such is not the case. In fact, there is no mention of the day as a Christian festival until the fifth century, and even now the Hebrews celebrate their New Year in September, for their calendar is arranged according to the new moon, which makes New Year's a movable holiday. Today, however, there is scarcely a nation but observes this season of the year in some manner or other, though customs differ in most localities.

**A Resolution**

**G**o for patriots, rather than partisans; to win the peace by reviving the idealism which won the war; to broaden our outlook and narrow our ambitions; to carry into national and international affairs the maxims which guide gentlemen and gentlewomen in their daily conduct; to practice thrift that we may be able to practice charity; to recognize that each of us is and always must be his brother's keeper; to work well that there may be plenty of goods in the world and think well that they may be rightly distributed; to go forward each day to a higher level of purpose and effectiveness, and live as one afraid of no man, and of whom no just man is afraid.

—Chicago Journal

**THOUGHTS for the NEW YEAR**

**E**LOOK back and appraise the past year and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwise in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a banging head and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner call when he is hungry, fills him with a surprising joy—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friends fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year he must thumb the hardly-varying records of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment.

When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions about himself. There lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much; surely this may be his epitaph of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he

dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand: day and night, summer, winter, months, years, centuries—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, but

not time itself. Time is the life of the soul; if not this, then tell us what is time?—Longfellow.

The years—how they have passed! They are gone as clouds go on a summer day; they came, they grew, they rolled full-orbed; they waned, they died and their story is told. Years

that are wrought upon us in thought and deed with the force and power of eternity, years whose marks we shall carry forever, were dissolved like the dew and their work is finished.—Beecher.

The time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly makes the same gradual change in habits, manners and character as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another and yet the

same; there is a change of views, and no less of the lights in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of action.—Scott.

If you would climb to the high places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have the sublimest old age, you must conquer the baser elements of nature; you must have every atom of the dross of dishonesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, if necessary; you must become as sound as 24-carat gold, as true as best steel.—George K. Morris.

companies have lent their co-operation, and signals are now sent covering both North and South America, all our colonial possessions, Australia, Japan and the principal nations of Europe. Some idea of the speed with which these New Year's greetings are flashed from Washington to distant points can be gathered from the fact that it takes less than 0.4 of a second to reach the Manila observatory; 0.5 of a second to reach Lick observatory, California; 2.25 seconds to cover the distance between Washington and the coast survey station in Alaska—this includes relaying—and four seconds to let the Wellington observatory in New Zealand know that the new year has reached us after the celebration has been hours old.

**A NEW YEAR IS NEAR.**

"It's coming, boys,  
It's almost here;  
It's coming, girls,  
The grand New Year!  
A year to be glad in,  
Not to be bad in;  
A year to be in,  
To gain and give in;  
A year for trying,  
And not for sighing;  
A year for striving,  
And heartily thriving;  
A bright New Year,  
Oh! hold it, dear;  
For God, Who sendeth,  
He only lendeth."

**QUEER NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.**

Volumes might be written upon the queer customs and curious superstitions connected with New Year's day. Literature is full of them, grave historians have preserved them for us, and versatile poets decked them with fairest flowers of fancy. From Chaucer, Sweet Spring of English Song, from Spencer and Herrick, Milton and Shakespeare, down to the humblest magazine rhymes of today—one and all—they have paid tribute. A wise essayist describes the day as "a peak on Darwen, from which two oceans, may be seen. Into one we look with sadness and regret, into the other, with hope and faith."

Onions Foretell Wet Weather. Take 12 onions, cut them into halves, hollow them out and fill with salt. Those in which the salt completely dissolves indicate the wet months of the coming year.

**THE GOOD NEW YEAR**

EMORY J. HAYNES  
in the Boston Globe

IT WAS foretold forty years ago. The New Year shall be a good one. This is the story of the prophecy. It depends upon you to believe it.

Forty years ago a lone skater upon the glassy surface of a lake in northern New England celebrated his solitary holiday. At the far end of his ten-mile dash he rested in the noon-day sun, sitting at the base of a towering cliff.

He was a stonemason's apprentice, a mere boy workman. He habitually carried his steel chisel in his pocket. Climbing high, and with much hazard, up the face of the towering rock, he cut this legend in the face of the mountain:

"The New Year Will Be Good."

The bold lettering is visible for miles. The lake in summer is a favorite resort of pleasure parties. Each year thousands of eyes have spied out the cheery monograph, while boats passed, and many a hearty laugh has rung with a heartier joy as old and young have approved the sculptured promise.

It will long endure, for the steel is deep, and the mountain will not remove, nor the pretty lake pass away.

The boy did not date it. Fortunately so, for that makes it fit every year and every reader. Why not for a century to come?

A thousand times the question has been asked: "Who wrote it?" And no one knew. So it seemed some eternal truth of nature that the very rocks had miraculously inscribed upon themselves.

It was true to anyone who would take the trouble to lift his eyes and read it. In storms the snow silvers the lettering. In sun the words gleamed with lines of living light. A sentence by no means elegant, but crude and boyish rather. Yet what rhetoric could add to the abrupt and simple prophecy from a hopeful, healthy, spirit?

The New Year was to be just plain "good." Was that enough? Is it not enough for us all? One good to you, another good to me, still another



good to others. But always to all who will grasp it, written on the very face of the turning globe, the next year will be "good."

Last summer a wealthy visitor to the lakeside hotel drew the proprietor to the corner of the veranda and, lifting his glasses, asked: "Do you see those letters on the rocks? I am the boy who cut them, January 1, 1847. You seem glad to know the author. I never revealed the fact. Why should I?"

"It is not because I said it that it is true. No matter who says it, on a Happy New Year the New Year will be good. It is true in itself. Happy the man or boy who says it, who feels it, and who will have it so."

"The mere freak of a moment, yet somehow later I awoke to the fact that I had written a life creed on my heart out of the hopefulness and daring of a boy."

Let us take the hope and courage of youth as the truth of this latest of our years. The New Year must be good. We will make it good. Can you not see those letters on the rocks? No visitor ever was dull to their magic spell, and many have read them through grateful fears.

**SLEIGHBELLS JINGLE**

Heard the moaning and the groaning of the winter breeze; Old Year's dying—hear him sighing, Listen to him wheeze! Weary Willie is quite chilly in his threadbare coat; this cold weather altogether gets his ill-clad goat. Old Br'er Rabbit's wary babbles now avail him not; hounds are telling by their yelling that the trail is hot. See the fuel fight a duel with your next week's pay; watch your winter and the heater steal your heart away! You remember last September, August and July? Sun was shining, you were whining, vowing you would die! You were praying for some sleighing, crying for some ice; now it's freezing, quit your sneezing; yell, and say it's

**Russell Creek.**

Health in this community is very good at present.

Christmas passed off quietly in this neighborhood.

Mr. J. D. Todd, who has been confined to his room for several weeks, is much better at this writing.

Miss Mary Todd, who has a position in Cincinnati, is at home to spend the winter.

Mr. Cassius Hood, who has been confined to his room for several months, is no better.

Mrs. Myrt Grasam has been on the sick list for some months, is no better.

Mr. Dick Squires and wife, of Campbellsville, were visiting friends and relatives here during the holidays.

Mr. John Garrison and family, of Louisville, are visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

Our Pitch players enjoyed several wood games during Xmas.

Mr. Paul Smith and Miss Sarah Knight surprised their friends by getting married Saturday before Christmas. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. H. T. Smith. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Otha Knight, who lives in the Carmel section.

Several young people from this neighborhood attended the social near Tabor, last Saturday night.

Mr. George Smith and family spent two or three days at Gadberry, visiting relatives during Christmas.

Married, last Saturday afternoon, Mr. John Will Cundiff and Miss Julie Corbin who drove to the home of Rev. Z. T. Williams, of Columbia, who united them in the holy bonds of wedlock. Immediately after the ceremony they returned to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Corbin, who is a prominent farmer of the Casey Creek section. Next day, (Sunday), the couple, accompanied by the bride's sister, Miss Eula Corbin, returned to the home of the groom where a magnificent dinner, and a few relatives and friends awaited them. The bride is a prominent young lady of the Green river section. The groom is one of our best young men, known to everyone in this entire section. In a short time the couple will begin housekeeping in their new home, four miles from Columbia, on Campbellsville pike, where John Will owns a mill and a store almost completed, and as soon as finished he will go into the mercantile business. We all wish them success and happiness as they journey down the paths of life.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hancock, who has been in feeble health for a year, died at her sisters', Mrs. Faustie Pierce, at Cane Valley, Tuesday evening and was buried at the home place Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Spiller and Miss Ella Todd were visiting at Ernest Cundiff's last Wednesday, from Columbia.

With best wishes and a prosperous New Year to the News and its force.

**Pelletton.**

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lanehart, of Indiana, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Rubarts, at this place.

Mr. Wm. Pelley, who has been in Iowa, has returned to spend

**the winter.**

Born, to the wife of R. H. Hudson, the 21st ult., a boy.

James Dawson, of color, had the misfortune of getting his house and contents burned last Sunday night, but the good people have made him whole and will help him build another house.

We are expecting to have a school taught here this winter, but have not yet decided on who will be the teacher.

W. E. and D. E. Sanders have bought the D. K. Pelly farm. Consideration \$3,250.

We had a very quiet Christmas. It is nothing like it used to be when John Barleycorn had free access to this country.

Mr. S. L. Chappel has recently bought his saw mill back from Homer Tucker and will continue in the timber business.

**Crocus.**

Wood getting is the order of the day in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Sallie Grant visited her daughter, Mrs. Pearl Antle, last Sunday.

Mr. Granville Aaron, who has been very sick for several days, is improving at this writing.

The grist mill that is being operated near here by Antle & Aaron is doing good business. They do their very best trying to please their customers.

Mr. Kip Aaron, who has been very low with pneumonia, fever, is improving at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grant and little daughter, Ruth Myrtle, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Jackman last Sunday.

The school at this place closed last Friday. Miss Keltner is a fine teacher. We wish her back with us next year.

Mr. Thomas Grant made a business trip to Columbia one day last week.

Mr. Leslie Cundiff and family spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Aaron.

Mr. Thomas Grant made a business trip to Horse Cave one day last week.

Mrs. Deanie Aaron visited Mrs. Annie Grant one evening last week.

**Dirigo.**

Mr. G. C. McKinney, of Columbia, was in our midst one day last week.

Mr. Elbert Wooten, of Illinois, is visiting relatives at this place.

There has been a number of hogs slaughtered in this neighborhood during the last week.

Messrs. Oliver and Aaron Claywell, who have been in Indiana for the last few months, have returned home.

Mr. Selby Royse and family, of Louisville, are visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. Arthur Stotts, this place will remove near Columbia, on the Glensfork road, sometime soon. Mr. Stotts is a good citizen and will be missed by his many friends.

**Glensfork and Jamestown Sunday Schools Contest.**

The fifth Sunday in October, Rev. Quinn, of Jamestown, challenged the Sunday School, at this place for a contest, the prize to be a banner. We accepted the challenge, and of

the winter.

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**FORD ANNOUNCEMENT.**

In considering the extent to which they can further the growth of Ford dealers generally, the building up of their individual organization, and the extent to their activities. The Ford Motor Co., have permitted us to operate in unrestricted territory. But knowing that we can not give the proper after service to our friends and customer who live beyond our territory, we have decided to confine our activities to Taylor and Adair counties. By increasing our organization and strengthening it, it places us in a better position to look after our old and new customers in after service, and places us also in a position to offer time sales to all who have not felt, during the past, that they were able to pay for a new Ford Car or Tractor at the time of its purchase. We are now prepared to offer the buyer our time sale proposition. Insurance on the car and the interest are the only additions the buyer is required to pay.

Touring Car (without Starter) f.o.b. Columbia	\$509.89
Insurance and Interest	28.90
	538.79
One-third Cash Payment	179.59
Balance due in monthly installments	359.20
Amount due per month	29.93

Note our price is delivered at Columbia. We are here seven days in the week for after service on all cars we sell. You can now place your order and pay for your car on the monthly installment plan, and it will not be necessary to deprive yourself of the full price all at one time. Call on us or advise us and we will have our salesman call and thoroughly explain our offer. All type of cars, and also the Fordson Tractor will be sold on easy monthly terms. Let us have your order now for immediate delivery or Spring delivery. Our allotment of cars is limited. In the ten years that we have been Ford dealers, we have never yet secured enough cars for the demand. Do not be caught. Place your order now.

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Cane Valley, Ky.

ped down as if from an airplane He being posted wasn't at all surprised. There was a rustle for tickets and when the Burlington passenger arrived they were soon aboard for Chillicothe, and out of sight to all. The crowd that was left seemed to feel as if there had been one pulled over on them.

Last Tuesday morning the young folks of Tina had gathered at the R. R. Depot to see their friends come and go, and was having a good time, when all at once a big touring car came down the slope and ran up by the platform. When the occupants got out, it was Sammie Johnson and his sister, Edith. Edith was dressed like a bride ready to step out. Things were yet going good when all at once another big car drove down by the side of the one that had already arrived, and out stepped Lilburn Bryant and his friend, Ralph Hubbell. Lilburn with a new suit on that no one had ever seen. Now, it became suspicious to the visitors, and figured it to be a wedding, and in the meanwhile Robert Bryant drop,

George Hunter, the noted terror to outlaws is dead, the end coming in a hospital in Louisville, last Thursday. He was 88 years old and a native of Nelson county, and for many years he was town Marshal of Bardstown. He was an ex-Confederate soldier. Some years ago when an effort was made to arrest Grove Kennedy in Lincoln county failed, Hunter said he could place him in the hands of the law. He had killed several men and was regarded as one of the most dangerous men in the State. Hunter was given the job and in a short time he was landed behind the bars.

It is reported that Hon. King Swope is slated for United States Attorney for the Eastern district of Kentucky.

The LaRue Herald and the LaRue News, two weekly papers that have been published at Hodgenville have consolidated.

Adair County News \$1.50